



# A time to come



18 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Riggio Scoffic

He had always made breakfast and so by then it was obligatory. They hadn't known either other that long but already they were becoming decadence. He had made the same thing everyday too, and seldom did anything but. He thought they other day about making something more modern and avant-garde. But he was alone on it, no prophet or predecessor on his side only he would be the one to suffer- like a disciple having the same celestial thing everyday it was impossible not to be disturbed by its wrath, its tyranny and invasion of his own imperialism- a dialectic perpetrate to his beliefs. Shah a degenerate from the other side of town once suggested a putsch, one cultivated by a young man of the name of Bosik who would rabble on about the old times and how it used to be, told stories but quiet in their bleak hours of day. It wasn't easy making breakfast every morning, especially for the dynasty and made by someone of such frivolity martyr, cadaver. A porter of democracy, an effigy to all mankind with such euphoria and would be so subversive that all the diabolical thoughts of others will overwhelm them so, that they'll find refuge by being exiled and shuned from one another.

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